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By M. P O R T A L.

*See'st thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild,
The Seat of Desolation!*

MILTON'S *Par. Lost*. B. 1st.

L O N D O N:

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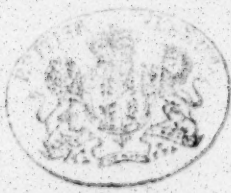
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AH! 'tis too much for mortal to sustain ;
It tears the nerves, it racks the brain ;
The strong idea shakes th' affrighted soul,
While horrors gather round, and thunders rend the pole.
I see, I see the dreadful god of war,
Advancing in his flaming car !

B

A

A living sword his gory arm displays,
 Fierce glare his eye-balls with tremendous blaze;
 His radiant vesture dipp'd in blood,
 His feet with iron sandals shod,
 His breast with tripple steel embrac'd,
 And with his gorgon shield his arm enormous grac'd.
 I see his stern brow bent into a frown,
 Which Wrath, Revenge and Furies crown;
 While, bristling, on his furrow'd front, are spread
 The fable honours of his head;
 His nodding plume, and golden helm beneath,
 A blood-stain'd laurel forms a dusky wreath.
 Hark! o'er th' embattled plain Confusion roars!
 Receive me, Ocean, from your hostile shores;
 Hide me, some mountain, with your shaggy brow,
 Where, fearless of the ax, the tall pines grow;

Snatch me, ye Cyclops, to your fi'ry cell,
 Where milder flames, and gentler noises dwell;
 Or bear me, on your rapid wing sublime,
 Ye Whirlwinds, to some dreary clime,
 Where frost eternal chills the joyless year,
 And checks Ambition's mad career,
 Or to some distant sea-girt isle,
 That ne'er rewarded yet th' advent'rous sailor's toil.
 O, shield me, shield me from th' infernal train!

But 'tis in vain;

O'er earth, and seas, and skies, the martial god
 Drives his blood-thriving pack, and shakes his scorpion rod.

Titanic rage invades the throne of Jove,
 And fills with horror dire the blissful realms above.

Nearer and nearer yet, confus'd, I hear

The shout of Rage, the cry of Fear;

The

The hoarse drum beating terrible alarms,
 The trumpets clangor, and the clash of arms :
 The wounded's piteous scream, the dying groan,
 The widdow'd matrons wild distracted moan ;
 The beasts and birds of prey, with hideous yell,
 Rejoicing in the carnage fell ;
 While Hell's tremendous engines vent their breath,
 And in loud thunders bear thy awful mandate, Death.

The god, transported, listens to the sound,
 And, sternly smiling, spreads immense destruction round.
 I see his ghastly train ! his foaming courser's toil,
 By Furies lash'd ! behold each lash recoil,
 And wound the hand that strikes ! Stalking before,
 Grasping Ambition paint her pallid cheeks with gore :

Revenge and Murder, twin'd in damn'd embrace ;
 Death in each eye, and fury in each face !

Infatiate

Infatiate Rapine, keen and fierce,

His foe or friend alike to pierce !

Whose unrelenting heart no pity knows

For tender Virgins shrieks, or pregnant Mothers woes.

As late, on old Vifurgis war-worn bank,

The Fury ravag'd wide,

Conceal'd beneath the hoary willows dank,

The frightened Naiads saw th' empurpled tide :

They saw—and, from their fair eyes floating down,

Soft showers of liquid pearl their rosy beauties drown.

The blue-ey'd sisters wept the hapless fate

Of those who wove their flow'ry garlands late ;

Now from their brows the vernal honours torn,

Their bloomless Meads and barren Haunts they mourn.

Ah me ! how dire, how num'rous is thy train !

Gnawing Envy, frantic Pain,

Malice, with her hundred wiles,

And ruthless Cruelty, that stabs and smiles :

A reeking cup her bloody hand sustains,

She drinks, and thirsts, and drinks, and still her thirst remains.

I know thee, Pride, through all thy vain disguise !

Thy bloated form, thy scornful eyes

Conquest's imperial robes but ill conceal,

The Monarch's diadem, and Warrior's steel :

Tho' Valour seems to nerve thy arm,

And Honour fair thy breast to warm,

These are but Fiends that on thy sense impose,

Valour and Honour scorn to wreathe the Tyrant's brows.

How

How mourn'd Araxes' sons thy baleful powers,
 When Macedonia's Youth, miscall'd the Great,
 Levell'd their Cities, Palaces and Towers,
 And to its period brought their Empire's date !

No virtuous end the haughty Victor fought,
 A blast of fame the meed for which he fought ;

His heart elate with purple pride,
 He dream'd of immortality—and died.

Still is thy curst train prolong'd !

Still is thy car with Furies throng'd !

See ! Sacrilege, with arm extended high,

Snatch at the stars that grace the sky :

Dejected Slav'ry bend beneath a load

Of shafts, intended her own sides to goad ;

And

And Ignorance, with Gothic rage,
 Defacing Wisdom's sacred Page :
 Rebellion, lifting high her speckled crest,
 And plunging daggers in her Parents breast.
 See, naked Poverty all-shiv'ring stand !
 See rav'nous Famine gnaw her fleshless hand !
 And, by a thousand griefs born down, Despair,
 Holding a pois'nous asp to her swoln bosom bare !
 What Fiend is this, than all the rest more fell ?
 Her glance is death, her voice th' Hyæna's yell :
 The scythe of Time, thrice-sharp'ned, arms her hand,
 Destruction's martial engines round her stand :
 Blasted the groves, where'er she turns, are seen,
 No more the young corn, waving green,

Chears

Chears the rough breast of Industry——no more

He walks his ample round, and views his rising store :

All melancholy roams the chearless Tide,

No Muses grace her song-deserted side ;

No Youths and Maids, with flow'rets gay,

In revels honour genial May,

No Lover pours his tender pain,

Or with his mellow-breathing flute averts disdain :

No more the chearful haunt of men,

Where tower'd the lordly spire, the Dragon makes his den.

Curs'd Desolation ! foe to Heav'n and Earth !

Say, what Tartarean Monster gave thee birth ?

Of thee, the Muse demands proud Ilium's tow'rs,

Her mazy-folding walls, ah! where?

'Tho' rais'd by Harmony's celestial pow'ers,

The work divine thy rude hand would not spare.

Where now great Babel's shining Turrets high,

That in the eastern sky,

Like some distinguish'd Constellation bright,

Cast on the Nations round their streamy light?

Or where those once magnificent Abodes

Of Persia's Demi-gods?

By thee o'erthrown,

The savage Panther marks them for his own.

Where

Where now Amphion's tuneful labours? where

Those favour'd Domes, Minerva's care?

No more her lov'd Illyfu's banks she roves,

Up-torn by thee her Academic Groves.

Where Liberty her hundred States maintain'd,

And smiling reign'd ;

Whilst, round her radiant Throne,

Arts, Genius, Valour and Politeness shone ;

What traces now of all her former state?

Th' Historic page, alone, records her great.

Arcadian Bowers, where Virgin Nature smil'd,

Ere, by false blandishments beguil'd,

She

She yielded to the soft address of Art,

Who loos'd her zone, and stole her simple heart !

Old Peneus hoar,

And silver Ladon's flow'ry shore,

Theſſalian Tempe's broider'd Vale,

Where flocks innum'rous snuff'd th'ambrosial gale.

Alpheus fond, his flying Maid

Thro' many a sweet sequester'd shade,

And many a golden vale and mead

Pursuing swift with am'rous speed ;

Fair Hypocrene, mellifluous Font !

Cyllenus and the tuneful Mount ;

O, dear to Poesy ! ye scenes belov'd,

Where Innocence and Joy united rov'd !

But ah, how chang'd !——thine iron hand compell'd

The Muses thence ; and ev'ry rapture quell'd.

This way she turns.——Mark ! sad Germania's plains ;

Her golden harvests cease—her drooping Swains,

Smit with despair,

Their ruin'd Labours view, and sweet domestic care.

What God, what Hero shall her force withstand,

Arrest her lifted hand,

Preserve Europa from th' enkindled flame,

And earn the sacred Palm of virtuous Fame ?

E

Behold

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Behold ! he comes.

* From the Sun's declining ray,

The Stately Youth directs his way :

A Laurel Wreath, entwin'd with flowers,

The product of Elyfian Bow'rs,

Adorns his manly Brow ; bright beams his Eye

With Native Sweetness fraught, and mingled Majesty :

The double Sceptre which he bears,

Shews Earth and Sea his regal labour shares.

Before him, see ! by smiling Cherubs born,

Philanthropy, with copious horn,

* It may not be amiss to inform the ungeographical Reader, that Britain, the Place from which the Royal Hero is supposed to come, lies in general West of Germany; the Seat of the late War.

A thousand fragrant Blessings pours,

While clouds of Incense rise from all the grateful shores.

Circling round, a suppliant Band

Claims Protection from his Hand.

Hark, the drooping Arts complain!

Science mourns her fractur'd Chain,

Commerce weeps her ravish'd Store,

And blest Religion grieves, her Sanctions bind no more.

The Hero sighs.—

Lo! to his righteous Care, the Martial God

Commits his just-avenging Rod:

He

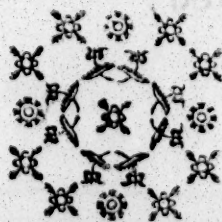
He frowns indignant——All the ghastly Train

Confess their Fears, and quit the ravag'd plain :

He smiles——the Clouds disperse——the Thunders cease,

And all the harrafs'd World is blest with Peace.

F I N I S.



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